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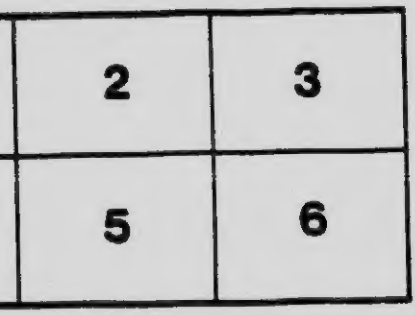

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Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class

of the

Royal Victoria Hospital Training School for Nurses

April 12th, 1916

MAUDE E. ABBOTT, M.D.

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Mr. Angus, Miss Hersey, Members of the Graduating Class:

Before any other remarks I want to express to Miss Hersey and the authorities of the Hospital my deep appreciation of the invitation that has been extended to me to address the class graduating from the Training School to-day. I esteem it the highest honour that has ever come to me, and for more than one reason an exceptional privilege. I feel it a great privilege, first, because this Hospital stands to me, as it does to all who know something of its inner workings, as an ideal training school, one in which the principles of disciplined service and skill in caring for the sick are instilled into its pupils in surroundings that set a standard of culture, and in an atmosphere where mutual understanding and a certain friendliness of relationship between officials and pupils lend something of the refining domestic influences, and the dignity of home. All their lives through, the graduates of such a Hospital as this will bear the stamp of associations in which daily duties discharged under the wise exercise of authority, have been tempered by good feeling and good breeding, and coloured by the mutual loyalty of an affectionate *esprit de corps.*

Secondly, it is an especial privilege to address you to-day, because this is a time of real importance in your lives. You stand on the day of your graduation at a vantage point, as it were, from which you cannot help looking back and forward, letting your memory dwell on the experiences of the past, and your imagination rove over the responsibilities and possibilities of the future. To-day, of all days, you represent the elect, the chosen from among many. Behind you lie those three years in which, often through falterings and discouragements, you have learned those lessons of infinite value which constitute your training; the subordination of yourself to others, and the control of others by yourself; the faculty of instant service; the habit of precision; the power of observation; let us hope also the quality of discretion; and those thousand details that together make you the skilled handmaiden of the surgeon, and the physician's trusted ally. Before you, endowed with

all these attributes, so hardly won, there lies, who knows what great experience?

And now you, the latest graduates of this great Hospital, endowed with all these gifts and qualities that have come to you with the years and have set you apart from others as the qualified ministers of the sick, are entering upon your life-work at a time of national stress and calamity which carries with it as its one compensation, unbounded opportunities of service to others, to those such as you who are so fortunate as to be needed in the crisis. It has been truly said that in previous wars the lot of woman has been to share chiefly in the suffering, while at the present day she has the high privilege of sharing in the service as well. Of no body of women is this truer than of the nursing profession who, whether they are occupied at the Front or here at home, alike share in the most important national duty that exists to-day, next to that of upholding our country's honour on the battlefield. The duty of joining actively in the struggle for the conservation of human life, in the effort to bring back the health and strength of those of our splendid men who remain to us, and the cherishing of that infant generation upon whom the cares and responsibilities of the immediate future must so tragically fall. Surely no higher cause for congratulation can be presented than that supplied by such a band as you, who, with youth and health and faculties trained to serve your country's need, are graduating from *this* Hospital on *this* day, in *this* year.

Among the multitude of thoughts that arise to greet you I would choose two. The first is a word of warning against the materialism of our day that threatens so seriously to engulf the nobility of the nursing profession, and the high responsibilities which your privileges imply. The second is a suggestion as to how best you may keep the fire of your ideals burning, and the lamp of your vocation alight in your hearts.

However practical the necessity of earning a livelihood may be in the life of any member of this class, I think there is probably not one among you that has not entered upon her training, in the first place, because she has felt the work to be congenial to her, and from a sense of vocation to its higher issues, a wish to serve the sick and to alleviate suffering, a real love of nursing in itself.

and the desire to do it for the pure joy of the working. It is this feeling, amounting often to a genuine enthusiasm for the health and welfare of suffering humanity as a whole, and united with that great organizing ability which often seems the special faculty of many gifted women, which, born in heroic minds before our day, has raised nursing from an occupation, or even a form of drudgery, into an Art and a Profession. So long as you preserve this spirit of consecration to the higher issues of your work, it is to be dignified by this name, and to such as are true to this spirit your profession becomes a compelling force, calling for the best exercise of all your faculties and energies, as well as for the conservation of your resources, including the proper protection of your physical strength, as a means to a great end.

On the other hand, the life before you is strenuous, it is necessary that your physical strength should be preserved and after this has failed you it is necessary also for many that the returns for the day's work should be adequate to provide for the rainy day. Moreover, the public is an uncertain quantity, and is as inconsiderate in some instances, as it is just and generous in others. These are the circumstances which force you to unite with your devotion to your patient the consciousness of what is due to yourself in the avoidance of undue strain or of insufficient returns, and it is for these reasons that regulations have been laid down to help you, controlling your hours on duty with private patients, and the financial acknowledgment that you receive. You must never forget that such laws are made for cases in which material meanness must be met by material means. And you must always remember that in a certain high sense your duty lies above all such laws, and that with you everything is, in the last instance, and within the limitations of your own strength, subservient to the welfare of your patient. I would urge upon you, especially now at a time when you are facing vital issues on every side, and when, too, the nurse is needed by society as never perhaps before, to remember your duty to your neighbour in distress equally with your duty to yourself. That is to say, there lurks in the very value of your services to the public the danger that you may allow them to be cheapened by the elevation of their material value beyond its rightful place. In modern phrase you may commer-

cialize your vocation. Such a lapse from your first high impulse brings with it its own swift punishment, although it may not be recognized at first. The moment you begin to choose your next case because it is easy, or placed in pleasant surroundings; the moment you see yourself ready to desert a sick patient before he has another means of care because his purse is empty; the moment you prefer to keep the rigidity of your hours off duty intact, although on that particular day it may mean the loss of his chance of life to your patient; that moment you are sacrificing your professional conscience, and are giving up many precious things. Chief of these are your personal relation to your patient, whose life has become for the time being, at least, as dear to you as your own, and your professional relationship to the physician you are serving, between whom and the true nurse there must exist that freemasonry of perfect confidence that expects faithfulness unto the end. The balance between your duty to your patient and your duty to yourself will sometimes be hard to strike. It is only by keeping your ideals bright, and the wellspring of your first choice fresh, that you can have that clearness of vision that will guide you aright, and that you will be enabled to avoid being tainted by that flood of materialism that threatens your profession to-day.

For the correction of this tendency, which may seem to you to-day so far away and impossible, but may come to you to-morrow as a temptation, and for the renewal of that spiritual force which alone can give you the inspiration that you need, I can urge upon you no better antidote or prescription than a study of the great lives of those who have gone before you. In all human effort what we may call the biographical motive may be considered the simplest and the most powerful. Thus when we try to analyze what we mean by goodness or strength of character or any other virtue, we think of it as it has been mirrored to us in some strong or saintly life. In the last analysis, and coming back to the sources or inspiration at least of modern times, it is the life of the great Founder of Christianity Himself which most of all inspires us to do and be. And in a lesser sense it is in the lives of those whose aspirations and perceptions have found a channel in the care, first of the sick poor, and then in the organization and nurture of your great pro-

fession, that you will find your surest sources of inspiration. Let any one of you sink herself in the story of the life work of those heroines of yesterday, as well as to-day: Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Francis of Assisi and Santa Clara of Damiano in their leper colony in Italy, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale in England, Anna Hamilton and Mlle. Bottard in France, Mrs. Bed ord Fenwick of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Isabel Hampton Robb of Johns Hopkins, Adelaide Nutting of the Teacher's College of New York, and, last but not least, Edith Cavell in Belgium, and the commercial spirit of your day must fall away from you, and the sacredness of your calling, with all its magnificent possibilities, rise again clearly to your view. If I may venture such an opinion, I think the history of nursing should form a part of the curriculum of every training school, or else be a subject of post-graduate study within its walls. In Japan, that enlightened country, the life of Florence Nightingale forms an integral part of the curriculum, and the pupil nurses are examined upon it. May I suggest that your first savings after graduation be expended on a copy of Sir Edward Cook's Life of Florence Nightingale, in two volumes, and your next on the History of Nursing, in four volumes, by Miss Nutting and Miss Dock. These are your sources of inspiration, and these books, if owned by yourself, will become to you an asset of incalculable value.

Following out this thought, I want, with the help of a series of slides, to present to you an outline of the life and personality of Florence Nightingale, the great originator of Army Medical Reform, and the founder of modern nursing as an art and a profession. For many of the really beautiful portraits I am about to show you, we are indebted to the late Mr. J. B. Learmont, from whose collection the originals were drawn, and for the preparation of the slides my thanks are due to Mr. Wm. Muir of the Anatomical Department of McGill University.

Through the recently published Life by Sir Edward Cook, which is founded upon the study of a wealth of personal correspondence as well as Government Archives and contemporary records, we recognize the greatness of Miss Nightingale's achievement to-day as never before.

A wealthy girl of high gifts and accomplishments, her struggle to overcome the prejudices that, in her youth, stood in the way of her preparation, and the prolonged battle that she waged in the period following the Crimean War on behalf of her great reforms, reveal her in an even nobler light, and have conferred a more lasting benefit upon the race, than the dramatic success of her efforts for the relief of the distressed Crimean soldiery. From this new biography we learn that her life before that Crimean climax was one long struggling preparation and battling through of the many barriers raised alike by social prejudice and domestic affections towards the vocation that she felt was hers, though she knew not how or when it might come to her, but which when it came, found her ready, with prejudices defeated, expert training secured, spiritually and mentally waiting for one of the great medical and military crises of the nineteenth century, that was to be hers to control and to subdue. Nor, after the crisis in the East was over, did she subside into the gentle inaction of an invalid chamber, as has been popularly thought, but from that chamber, battling with the physical illness that remained after her exertions in the Crimea, and that threatened her life many times, she proceeded unrestingly to the solution of those many pressing problems by which medical science was revolutionized by her in various directions.

Had it not been for the absolutely Herculean labors of Florence Nightingale, invalided in body but of indomitable will, after her return from the Crimea, the terrible lessons of the War would have remained unlearned by the British nation, and the great reforms in the hygiene of the British army, sanitary science both in the East and West, hospital construction, and last but not least in the profession of the gentle art of nursing, reforms which she instituted, organized, and actually dictated to Court and Ministers alike, would not have been carried out, and the many wrongs she righted would have remained for the sufferings of a later generation to retrieve. In the face of her prolonged illness, the heroism that struggled and won success for these reforms was on a higher plane than that by which she won the nation's praise at Scutari and Balaclava.

For the sake of clearness we may divide the activities of her long life of ninety years into the following periods.

I. Development.
II. Aspiration and Probation.
III. The Crimean War.
IV. The reforms of the five years immediately succeeding the Crimean War before the death of Lord Sidney Herbert.
V. The great accomplishments. and the closing scenes of her later life.

I. *The Childhood of Florence Nightingale.* (Development, 1820-1835).

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, in the year 1820, during a winter's sojourn of her parents there. One of two only daughters of wealthy parents, she was brought up in all the luxurious refinement of the best type of English home, in the midst of a large and affectionate family connection, in an environment enriched by all the intellectual advantages and the happiness that such circumstances could bring. The rich English scenery, too, in which she lived throughout her childhood and girlhood days, and in which she revelled consciously, even as a little girl, must have sunk deeply into her observant and sensitive nature and been to the great spiritual powers lying dormant there, as springs of water in a thirsty land. For there are few more beautiful homes and surroundings in England than the estates of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and Embley in Surrey, on which, with his family, Mr. Nightingale passed alternately the winter and summer months of every year.

The two sisters were the objects of much tender personal care from their parents. Mrs. Nightingale was a woman who accepted and adhered strictly to the religious and social conventions of her day, but, within their limits, she was prompt and generous in the exercise of a philanthropy that devolved as a duty upon an Englishwoman of her means and position. Both her daughters were early permitted to share in their mother's solicitude for the poor of their father's estate, and to accompany her on errands of help among them. In such activities Florence quickly revealed her innate sympathy for the sick, philanthropic bent, and deeply religious nature. The contrast between the lot of rich and poor struck her then, as it continued to do with increasing force throughout life, as an incongruity, and her childish diaries and letters contain naive comparisons and comments. She

was a healthy child, fond of a frolic, and not free from unregenerate impulses towards unsympathetic governesses, yet on the whole serious-minded, and a little self-absorbed, with a tendency to introspection that sometimes verged upon the morbid, and an inclination to doubt little herself and her powers that arose partly out of a conscientious knowledge of her own shortcomings, and partly from a natural shyness, amounting almost to self-consciousness.

Her love of animals was very strong and she had a succession of pets, whom she cherished sick or well. The story of the injured collie dog, who had been regretfully condemned to be hanged by his master, because of a hopelessly broken paw, and whom she tended under the guidance of the vicar, all one long summer day, with hot fomentations and a splint, until the prospect of healing was assured, and the delighted shepherd acknowledged his right to live, is almost too hackneyed to repeat. But it is a true story, and is of great interest, because it is intensely characteristic of a little girl who many years later refused to give up the lives of five Crimean soldiers who were pronounced "too far gone to be operated on." "Will you give me these men to do as I like with?" she asked of the surgeons as they turned away. And, the necessary consent obtained, she sat all night beside them, tending their wounds and supporting them with food and stimulant with such success that, when the light of morning came, the surgeons with surprised relief were able to carry out what would earlier have been a useless task. One wonders if the adoring affection in the eyes of the gentle collie equalled the gratitude in the hearts of those wounded men!

Like many of his circle, for he belonged to that interesting Unitarian group among whom the Martineaus were so prominent, Mr. Nightingale held views on the higher education of women that were far in advance of his time. He personally supervised the education of his daughters, himself teaching them, as they grew older, modern languages and classics, European and Constitutional History, even higher mathematics. They wrote essays and analyzed philosophical treatises, pursuing much the same course of study, under his tutorship, as would be followed now for a University degree. Florence was an ardent and laborious student, arising often at

four in the morning to carry out her preparations, and to her father's guidance in these ways she was undoubtedly indebted for the mental grasp and power of intellectual concentration that distinguished her work in later life.

Conscientious to a degree, imbued with a feeling of responsibility and a religious sense of self-dedication that developed in her very early days, absorbed in a round of studies, duties and pleasures provided by her wise yet indulgent parents, Florence Nightingale grew from an engaging child into the "girl of sixteen of great promise," that a contemporary letter describes.

II. *Girlhood and Early Womanhood.* (Aspiration and Probation. 1835-1853).

In 1837, when Florence was seventeen, Mr. Nightingale took his family to the Continent, and eighteen delightful months were spent in leisurely travel through France, Italy and Switzerland. Everywhere the best social, artistic, musical, literary and even political circles were open to them, and they entered heartily into the complex foreign life about them. The tour ended with a winter in Paris, where in the brilliant salons of their friends, the two charming girls discovered themselves both attractive and attracted. Freed from the shyness that had troubled her, Florence found that she had social gifts of a high order, and her diaries confess that the last temptation she had to overcome, before she was free to interpret that insistent inner call, was the "desire to shine in society."

All this was pleasant enough, and there was no reason to suppose at this time that Florence Nightingale would do otherwise than fulfil the expectation of her parents, and be content to live out the life of a happy English girl, and later perhaps become the wif of some good and worthy man. It was only after their return to England, and a short London season, when they were settled again in the midst of the busy hospitality of their country home, that a sense of the inadequacy of the social pleasures and domestic joys that surrounded her came upon her. It was to increase with the years, until, long before she attained her freedom, she struggled against the restrictions that bound her, with all the restlessness of a caged bird. The very happiness of the home that sheltered her, and the warmth of its affections, were gilded

bars against which she almost broke her heart. To understand the nature and the greatness of this part of Miss Nightingale's achievement, that consisted in surmounting the obstacles that lay in the way of her preparation, one must project oneself in imagination into the age in which she lived, seventy years ago, when it was an unheard-of thing for a beautiful and accomplished girl to do anything outside of the precincts of her home. Her mother and sister, affectionate as they were, did not even understand her impulse, and when at last it formulated itself into a distinct sense of a vocation to care for the sick, as it did when she was twenty-five, they felt towards it a real disfavour. Nor can one blame them, remembering the low standards of hospital life of those days and the degraded type of nurse. She was an affectionate and dutiful daughter, and yielded to her parents' wishes for many years, doing her best to be happy and to make others happy in what was to her a ceaseless round of trivialities, and often suffering intensely from the sense of frustration of her higher self, not in addition to the fact that there were great powers of organization and execution fermenting in her mind which at that time had no outlet, and that she was swayed by a really passionate altruism, Florence Nightingale was distinctly conscious, as much so as any other saint in history, of a "call to be a saviour" as she expresses it more than once in her diaries. In an autobiographical fragment written in 1867 she mentions February 7th, 1837, at Embley, as the day when "God called me to His service," and on several other occasions this period is referred to as one of the chief crises of her inner life. It was the sense of defection to this inner call during these years of abeyance under which she suffered most. Her father was a Unitarian, but she and her mother and sister followed the usages of the Church of England. Later in life her theological opinions became very broad, and she may be said to have conformed to no dogma except the existence of a personal God, but she maintained throughout her life this deeply religious attitude of mind, and this fact must be recognized in any true estimate of her life and work. In no other way is to be explained her humility of spirit, which may be likened to that of St. Francis of Assisi, and her dislike of public acknowledgment, which sprang not only from natural modesty, but from an inner principle.

It was with an affectionate hope of distracting her from her tiresome purpose, and with an entire lack of sympathy in her feeling, that her mother and sister planned and arranged several continental trips for her with congenial friends. The winter of 1847 was spent at Rome, and it was here she met Lord Sidney Herbert and his wife, and began that friendship that was so fruitful of great results in the Crimea. The following winter, that of 1849-1850, in Egypt and Greece. It was on her way back to England from Greece on July 31st, 1850, that she first visited the Deaconess' Institute at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. This institution had been the goal of her desires for many years. It was a Protestant Sisterhood, organized by Pastor Fliedner and his wife, for the care of the sick poor, along lines which appealed intensely to her. The deaconesses took no vows, but came voluntarily, because they felt a vocation. She spent a fortnight in the Institution then, and returned the following summer (1851), the free consent of her parents having at last been obtained, for three months' training. In the hard work, long hours, and ascetic simplicity of the life, as well as in the highminded admonitions of the Pastor she took the deepest delight, and pronounced herself at last "intensely happy." It was a turning point in her career, for she came to feel there that her life was at last her own, and the time for indecision and yielding was past. February of 1853 saw her established at the Sœurs de la Providence in Paris for another short period of study, and in July of that year, she took her first post as Superintendent of the "Sick Governesses' Home" on Harley Street. Here she remained, winning the confidence of a difficult Committee and a still more difficult class of patients, until a short time after the outbreak of the Crimean War.

In this little picture that I have tried to draw of Florence Nightingale during her time of aspiration and probation, there are many aspects that have not been touched upon at all. Her character was indeed fair and pure, but there were shadows as well as lights within it. The attainment, for instance, of the remarkable habits of precision, regularity and method that characterized her later years only came through difficult stumblings. "Let those," says Sir Edward Cook, "who reproach themselves for a desultoriness, seemingly incurable, take heart again

from the example of Florence Nightingale! No self-reproach recurs more often in her private outpourings at this time than that of irregularity and even sloth. She found it difficult to rise early in the morning; she prayed and wrestled to be delivered from desultory thoughts, from idle dreaming, from scrappiness in unselfish work. She wrestled, and she won." To her again the palm of victory!

Again, the unfulfilled longing that so long possessed her for practical expression of her powers and mission, and her habits of self-examination and of religious thought, did not prevent her from sharing in a very full way the life that went on about her. Florence Nightingale was no sad-eyed ascetic. We hear of her managing private theatricals, mothering young cousins, nursing maiden aunts, absorbed in housekeeping responsibilities, sympathizing with the love affairs of friends, and a host of other things.

Nor did she escape that experience that comes to almost every man and woman in life. She was sought in marriage, long and persistently, by one with whom her own heart was engaged. With a clear-sightedness, born of her consecration to an idea stronger and higher than herself, she put this form of earthly happiness behind her, feeling that she could not do her duty to him and to her work. Not from any little belittlement of the married state, nor from any lack of knowledge of what the higher kind of marriage might mean to her, did she act, but in the same spirit that prompted Saint Theresa and Santa Filomena. One of the most touching of her goodbye letters before she left for the Crimea was from this friend. "You undertake this," he wrote, "when you cannot undertake me."

III. *The period of the Crimean War.* (1854-1856).

As will be remembered, the Crimean War was waged between Russia and Turkey, with Great Britain and France ranged as Allies on the latter side. The battle field was the Crimean peninsula on the north eastern border of the Black Sea, and the bloodshed was so great as to almost parallel the horrors of to-day. The British public accepted with resignation the news of the sacrifices in the field. But it met in a different spirit the alarming reports that followed upon the news of the Battle of Alma, fought on September 20th, 1854, of the ravages

which neglect and disease were making among the multitude of wounded, under the complete lack of sanitation that prevailed among the British troops. Not only were the hospital supplies, that had been freely sent out, unavailable for use through misunderstandings with the Turkish Customs and other causes, so that the men were unclothed and unfed, but all sanitary measures were neglected, and there was an entire lack of proper attendance for the sick, the skilled female nurses employed by their French allies providing an invidious comparison. A letter to the Times from its Correspondent, William Howard Russel, exposing these defects, and calling upon England for redress, evoked a storm of indignation that swept the country. The letter to the Times appeared on October 12th. On October 14th, under the action of a small Committee headed by Lady Maria Forester, Miss Nightingale wrote to her friend, Lord Sidney Herbert, who was then Minister at War, asking for authority to go out at her own expense at the head of a small band of five nurses. It is one of the coincidences of history that her letter to Lord Herbert crossed one from him to her, asking her, in the name of the British War Office, to undertake this task. Her acceptance was followed by formal letters of authorization to herself and of instructions for her support to the Commanders of the forces in the East. On October 21st, five days after the matter was formally settled, she sailed for the East at the head of thirty-eight nurses, of whom twenty-four belonged to Roman Catholic and Anglican Sisterhoods and the remainder were untrained. During these five days of selection of candidates and all the mass of detail involved in the organization of such an expedition, as also in all the exigencies of the uncomfortable voyage out, the most noteworthy thing about Miss Nightingale was her absolute calm, and her quiet control of the situation.

The groups of military hospitals in the East bore to each other something of the relationship that the Field and Base Hospitals of our Forces do now. On the Crimean peninsula, in the immediate neighbourhood of the conflict and amongst the adjacent hills, there were in addition to the regimental dressing stations, four large general hospitals, some established in huts, others in buildings. On the opposite, that is, the southwestern, side of the Black Sea, across the Bosphorus from Constan-

tinople and overlooking the Sea of Marmora, were the three great British Military Hospitals of Scutari, two of which, the General and Barrack Hospitals, were under the jurisdiction of Miss Nightingale, as also were all the hospitals in the Crimea, and for a time those at Koulali, four miles distant from Scutari. It was to the great Barrack Hospital of Scutari that she came on arrival. The abuses complained of in the Times were especially evident in this hospital because of its great over-crowding, the more unhealthy situation, the prevalence of cholera and other infections, and the fact that the means of transport across the Black Sea was very poor, so that the wounded arrived in the last stages of exhaustion, in a condition where the lack of suitable food and the general inefficiency worked greater havoc.

The party arrived at Scutari on November 4th, 1854. The Battle of Balaclava had been fought on October 25th, and that of Inkermann on the day before their arrival, and the wounded were pouring in. The hospital was a huge place capable of accommodating over 2,000 patients (the maximum at one time was 2,434 on December 23rd, 1855), and containing in its over-crowded state over four miles of beds, eighteen inches apart. In a letter written on November 14th, Miss Nightingale writes that there were 1,715 sick and wounded in this hospital, and 650 in the other building, called the General Hospital, of which they also had charge, "when a message came to prepare for 510 wounded arriving in half an hour from the dreadful affair at Balaclava. Between one and nine o'clock we had the mattresses stuffed, sewn up, laid upon the floor, the men washed and put to bed, and their wounds dressed." It was with such numbers and with similar emergencies, under circumstances of extreme complexity, that Miss Nightingale had to cope during that first six months.

The fact that there was gross maladministration in every department of these hospitals at the time of her arrival, has been clearly established by the Royal Commission appointed at the time. The trouble was partly due to an organization without central authority, partly to gross ignorance of ordinary hygiene, partly to the want of the woman's touch, and in part doubtless to the real lack of capacity of certain officials to deal with a novel situation. Miss Nightingale brought all her powers

of tact, courage, judgment and resolution to meet the exigencies of the case. The large public funds that had been placed at her disposal by the Times and other sources, enabled her to tide over a situation otherwise hopeless, but the problem remained to meet these urgent necessities within the limitations set by military rigidity and professional jealousy. For she realized from the outset that strict discipline must be observed by herself, and a proper subordination to the medical officers in charge. Much has been said of her "irregular" methods of cutting the Gordian knots of her dilemma, by supplies from her own reserves or by deliberate and unauthorized invasion of the purveyor's stores. But she never neglected to support such actions by a medical requisition, and investigation shows that she never set authority causelessly aside.

Many of the difficulties are detailed in her letters to Lord Herbert with suggestions for their redress. On arrival there was no provision for the cleaning of the hospital, "not a basin, or towel, or piece of soap, or a broom," and her first requisition was for 300 scrubbing brushes. The patients' linen was not washed, and the bedding was only rinsed through in cold water, for the contract made by the Purveyor with this object broke down before the convoys from Inkerman came in. Her first step on arrival was the renting and equipping of a Turkish house as a laundry, with the soldiers' wives placed at the wash-tubs. There was no clothing in the Purveyor's stores, and yet by a curious command the soldiers had been required to leave their knapsacks, before the Alma, in order to "march light" towards Sebastopol. In consequence, the wounded arrived half naked and destitute of kit wherewith to leave the hospital. "I am clothing the British Army," she wrote. Again, she found the entire cooking done in thirteen huge boilers with no provision whatever for extra diets or special delicacies between times. One of the most important measures introduced by her was the opening, within ten days of her arrival, of two extra diet-kitchens and the placing of three supplementary boilers for arrowroot on various staircases. A few months later the great Soyer joined her as a volunteer, and took over the management of this invaluable part of the work.

And so with a thousand other details. She orga

relief measures for the women camp followers, provided reading rooms for convalescent soldiers, engaged and superintended 200 builders in the emergency repair of a large part of the hospital, trained orderlies in sanitary measures, and herself did the work many times of a sanitary engineer, everywhere applying the expert touch. But all this would have been ineffectual had she not had behind her own action the intelligent and informed powers of those in authority at home. Her long days were followed by nights of letter writing, when she indicated clearly to high sources what the necessary reforms were and just how they should be carried out. Not only had she the loyal support of Lord Herbert and his colleagues, but the Queen herself was behind the prompt execution of her suggestions, and this was the real source of what was called by her enemies "The Nightingale Power." Among other measures enacted at her suggestion, it was due to the Executive Sanitary Commission appointed directly at her suggestion to act with plenary powers on the spot, that the horrible conditions of the hospital, which may be said to have overlain a great cesspool, were removed. The death rate in the hospitals fell as the result of the action of this Commission with remarkable rapidity.

But there was still another side of her activity, and that the ceaseless keynote of the whole, to which her functions of administrator and reformer were in a sense secondary. "A Ministering Angel Thou!" Her devoted care of the patient, personal sympathy for the sufferer, skilful tending of the exhausted, faithfulness to the dying, all those qualities that went to make the Lady in Chief at once the Queen of Nurses and the adored of the wounded soldiery, shone day and night through those crowded wards at Scutari, like the beam of her own lamp!

In the spring of 1855 Miss Nightingale crossed the Black Sea to the Crimea and remained here for some time. The physical strain upon her here was great, for the several buildings were distant from each other, and she was obliged to go from one to another, often in the depth of night, over rough country. With her strength undermined by the strain of the work at Scutari, she fell ill of Crimean Fever and nearly died. It was when the news of her recovery reached an anxious England that

the popular feeling for her, which had been growing stronger ever since the day it was discovered that the "Mrs. Nightingale" of the Nursing Expedition was a young and beautiful woman, and which was being constantly enhanced through countless grateful letters home from wounded and dying soldiers, burst all bounds, and a wave of tenderest enthusiasm swept England from shore to shore. A public meeting was called in London, "to give expression to the general feeling that the services of Miss Nightingale in the East demand the grateful recognition of the British people." The room was crowded to suffocation with England's finest men and women, her own parents among them. The speeches were beautiful, and were touching to a degree, in their perfect recognition of the single-minded spirit in which her wonderful work was done. Dearest of all to her her—perhaps the only part of that public recognition for which she really cared at all—was the joy that it gave her parents and her sister, Lady Verney, long since reconciled to her purpose and now understanding her at last.

It was at this meeting that the Nightingale Fund was augurated, in acknowledgment of her services and to enable her to establish and control an Institution r the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses, d and unpaid." This fund was later applied by her to tablish the training school for nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital. The flood of popular enthusiasm rolled on through the British Dominions, and public meetings in support of her Fund were everywhere held. And the Queen honoured her with a beautiful jewel specially designed by the Prince Consort.

After recovery from her illness, Miss Nightingale was urged to come to England, but she insisted on remaining at her post, part of the time at Scutari and part at the Crimea, until after the termination of the war. It was not until August 4th, 1856, four months after the treaty of peace was signed, that she again reached her native land.

Public excitement was intense, at the thought of her expected return, but, as Lord Ellesmere had said, speaking on May 5th in the House of Commons, "she is probably planning now how to escape as best she may, on her return, the demonstration of a nation's appreciation of

the deeds and motives of Florence Nightingale." She arrived at Lea Hurst from Paris unrecognized, under the name of Miss Smith, and walked unaccompanied from the little station to the protection of her home.

Disappointed of a public demonstration, the Press overflowed with admiring tributes in poetry and prose. With his usual timeliness, Mr. Punch published several excellent poems. One of these, which appeared on August 23rd, 1856, mirrors so well the sympathetic understanding and the real affection that swayed the British public of her day, that it is in the truest sense historic, and on that account I quote it to you now:—

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart,
Noiseless steals springtime on the year, and comfort on the heart.
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must be,
To quicken seed in furrow, and blossom upon tree.

Nile has his foaming rapids, freshets from mountain snows,
But where his stream breeds fruitfulness, serene and calm it flows.
And when he overbrims, to cheer his banks in either side,
You scarce can mark, so gradual the swelling of his tide.

The wings of angels make no stir, as they ply their work of love,
But by the balm they shed around, we know them that they move.
God spake not in the thunder, nor the mighty rushing blast,
His utterance was in the still small voice that came at last.

So she, our Sweet Saint Florence, modest and still and calm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's crown,
To the place of plague and famine, foulness and wounds and pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitude's hot breath,
To feed with winds of vanity the doubtful fires of faith;
Her path by hands official all unsmoothed, her aims decried
By the Levites, who, when need was, passed on the other side.

When titles, pensions, orders, with random hand are showered,
'Tis well that, save with blessing, she still should walk undowered.
What title like her own sweet name with the music all its own?
What order like the halo by her good deeds round her thrown?

Like her own bird—all voiceless while the daylight songsters will,
Sweet singers in the darkness when all songs else are still—
She on that night of suffering that chilled other hearts to stone
Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and firm of tone.

Think of the prayers for her, that to praying hearts came back,
In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her track,
The comforts of her graciousness to those whose road to death
Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light of love and faith.

Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen; she demands
No greeting from our brazen throat and vulgar clapping hands,
Leave her to the still comfort the saints know that have striven.
What are our earthly honours? Her honours are in Heaven.

Punch, August 23, 1856.

IV. *The Period immediately following the Crimean War.* (1856-1861).

The dissimilarity between the early and the late portraits of Miss Nightingale has often been remarked. This is not entirely due to the fact that the earlier ones are mostly light crayon drawings, the later, photographs "taken by commandment of the Queen" on her return from the East; nor is it to be explained by the natural changes occurring in the transition from young maidenhood to early middle age. There is in the best of these later portraits to be clearly traced the birth of a great experience. She has seen and partaken of the travail of the world's tragedy, and it has left its indelible mark upon her face. The qualities, too, that she has gained in the great conflict are visible. This is especially true of the charming little head from the collection of the late J. B. Learmont, which I have the privilege of showing you now. Endurance, unflinching decision, tempered with the kindly tolerance born of a great sympathy, even a humorous appreciation of the frailties of officialdom, are all expressed in the fine curves of the mouth; while in the eyes is the deep contentment of one who has seen the Vision, and knows of the foundations of her faith.

During the five years following the Crimean War, and especially during the immediately succeeding time, Florence Nightingale needed every spark of spiritual force which had come to her from the fires through which she had passed. She and her friend, Sydney Herbert, with other loyal coadjutors, were together to shoulder a burden of reform under which immediate action was so imperative that only by unrelaxing effort could results be achieved. The strain was of a different kind from that in the Crimean Hospitals, but the task to be accomplished was even more gigantic. On the other hand, the unremitting energy demanded of her told upon her weakened frame, and she became permanently invalided, and saw all her dreams of an active life among the Hospital Training Schools she was about to inaugurate, permanently denied her. Moreover, during these years, she was to see Lord Herbert himself sink under the work. He died in 1861, before he had accomplished what she called the "mainspring" of the whole, the reform of the internal organization of the British War Office. It was

a blow from which she never quite recovered. During these five years they were in constant communication and consultation and were allies in the truest sense, giving to each other a comradeship and a loyal support and understanding that was essential to the great results that they attained. Their work was in a sense complementary, for she had the administrative, he the political and executive mind. Their relationship is to be recognized as one of the great friendships of all time, and in a sense it is unique in history. Sydney Herbert was a man of immense charm, with a devoted wife who shared his every thought, and between whom and Miss Nightingale there existed a close intimacy and a strong spiritual tie. Not the least part of the great inheritance she has left to her sex, is the fact that such true friendship between men and women can and does exist.

Only the first few days of Miss Nightingale's return to England were given up to personal matters. The consciousness pressed home that her experiences in the Crimea must not be allowed to sink even temporarily into oblivion. She was keenly alive to the horror that had surrounded her in the Crimea, and never forgot that mortality rate of 60 per cent. in the Scutari hospital during the first weeks of her stay there, that blackened the good fame of the British Army regulations. Among her private notes of 1856 is written, "I stand at the altar of the murdered men, and while I live I fight their cause." The remarkable change wrought in the mortality of the hospital at Scutari during the first six months of the War was to be looked upon as a sanitary experiment of the most brilliantly successful kind. It was of vital importance to the future welfare of the Army that the evils fought against and corrected by Miss Nightingale should be exposed in a Royal Commission of inquiry, and that action should be taken against their repetition while indignation still burned hot in public sentiment.

It was at this juncture on August 23rd, 1856, a fortnight after her return, that she was given the opportunity, by an invitation to Balmoral Castle, of personally setting forth to Her Majesty the sufferings of the Queen's Army in the East, and their possible means of redress. The Queen and the Prince Consort together gave her their fullest attention. "She put before us," wrote the Prince in his diary, "all the defects of our present hospital

system, and the reforms that are necessary. We are much pleased with her; she is extremely modest." Nothing could be done, however, without the action of Ministers, and so, although she returned to London apparently successful, many months of delay and strenuous insistence were to elapse before a Royal Commission, with Lord Herbert as chairman, could be appointed. This took place by Royal Warrant on April 26th, 1857, shortly after the publication and circulation of Miss Nightingale's comprehensive private Report, entitled, *Notes affecting the health, efficiency and hospital administration of the British Army.* This book created a profound impression. Sir John McNeill writes repeatedly in appreciation of its clearness and vigor, and ends: "I think it contains a body of information and instruction such as no one else, so far as I know, has ever brought to bear upon a similar subject. I regard it as a gift to the Army, and to the country altogether priceless."

The Commission appointed, its duty was to submit a report of the abuses and projected reforms, to the House of Commons. Miss Nightingale's own evidence took the form of thirty-three pages of written answers to questions in the "Blue Book" report. "It was distinguished," in the words of an Army doctor of the time, "by a clearness, a logical coherence, a pungency and abruptness, a ring as of true metal, that is altogether admirable."

The Report itself was written by Mr. Herbert, with much assistance from Miss Nightingale. It recommended the appointment of four sub-commissions, whose functions should be: to put the barracks in sanitary order; to organize a statistical department; to institute a medical school; and to reconstruct the Army Medical Department, and revise its hospital regulations. To it was appended a statistical study made by Miss Nightingale, of the civil and military mortality statistics in certain London parishes, from which the startling fact revealed itself that the rate of mortality among the soldiers living in barracks was five times as great as that of civilians living at home. To force this existing fact, that the Army in time of peace was being exposed to the effects of bad sanitation with disastrous results, upon the attention of the House, meant a hearing which perhaps the evils of the Crimean War, already becoming a thing of the

past, might possibly not obtain, even so soon after the terrible events.

It was by dint of this and other pressure exerted through the literary channels of the time that the Report was at last acted upon and the four sub-commissions authorized. They immediately set to work, with Miss Nightingale the heart of each, herself now ill and weak from the prolonged exertions of these strenuous months, after the strain of the Crimea. It was quite possibly the effect of these months of unremitting exertion, at a time when her body demanded rest, that left her a permanent invalid. A diagnosis of Miss Nightingale's malady has not, so far as we know, been framed, but her own statements about herself in her letters to her medical friends, suggest that she suffered from some form of cardiac insufficiency associated with cardiac dilatation and a paroxysmal tachycardia.

The results were worthy of the heavy price she paid in the permanent sacrifice of her health. Each Commission carried its work through to a successful issue with beneficial results that are felt in our own day in a hundred directions. The Crimean episode will always take a leading place in the story of Florence Nightingale's life. But its greatest importance lies in the insight, experience, and political influence which she gained in it, and which made it possible for her to inspire these far-reaching reforms.

The third sub-commission, to establish an Army Medical School, had the longest and weariest struggle against the obstruction of subordinates of them all, but it accomplished most important results. The Army Medical School, afterwards removed to Netley, was peculiarly Miss Nightingale's child, and she watched over its early progress with earnest solicitude. She had the nominating of its first professors and proposed Sir E. A. Parkes to the Chair of Hygiene, who afterwards did such splendid work on military sanitation. Her services as the true founder of the School were acknowledged at the time. Dr. Longmore, the Professor of Military Surgery, told the students that it was she "whose opinion, derived from large experience and remarkable sagacity in observation, exerted an especial influence in originating and establishing this School." "For originating this School," wrote Sir James Clark, "we have to thank Miss Nightin-

gale who, had her long and persevering efforts effected no other improvement in the Army, would have conferred by this alone an inestimable boon upon the British soldier."

Apart from the work of the commissions, many other Army reforms were instituted by Mr. Herbert and inspired by Miss Nightingale. Such were the Committee to reorganize the Army Hospital Corps, and the Soldiers' Recreation Clubs. The latter were organized by them with much success not only in England but at Gibraltar, Chatham, and Montreal, which was then a military post.

These epochmaking reforms in Army sanitation, carried out by Sidney Herbert and Florence Nightingale during these five years immediately following her return from the East, was not by any means the only side of her activites during this period. Of equal importance was (1) her work in the reform of modern hospital construction as a whole, (2) in the introduction of statistical forms for hospital use, and (3) especially in the foundation of modern nursing.

Miss Nightingale's prestige in matters of hospital construction was recognized before her book "*Notes on Hospitals*," appeared, in 1858. This book was written in connection with her work on the first sub-commission, and is a technical study of the subject, supplemented with numerous maps and diagrams and recommending the elementary principles of sanitation, which were not then generally recognized, and the pavilion system. "It appears to me," wrote Sir James Paget, "to be the most valuable contribution in application to Medical Institutions I have ever read." After its appearance she was widely consulted on hospital construction at home and abroad, and revised the plans of many hospitals erected in Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, India and America.

Her remarkable powers as a Statistician, which had been so effectual in the reform of British Army medical statistics under the second sub-commission, in which her skill had been united with the experience of the celebrated Dr. William Farr, were equally far-reaching in their application to civil institutions. So great was her enthusiasm for this work that she was known among contemporaries as "the passionate statistician." Her

statistical forms for the use of hospitals were presented at the International Statistical Congress in London in 1860, and were introduced in the leading London Hospitals. On June 21st, 1861, a meeting was held at Guy's Hospital and it was unanimously agreed—by delegates from Guy's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, the London, St. George's, King's College, the Middlesex, and St. Mary's—"that the Metropolitan Hospitals should adopt one uniform system of registration of patients; that each hospital should publish its statistics annually, and that Miss Nightingale's Model Forms should as far as possible be adopted."

Her work as "the Founder of modern nursing" has been described as one of the great contributions of the 19th century to the relief of human suffering in disease. In the alleviation which it has supplied it takes rank with the discovery of anæsthesia by Sir James Simpson, and asepsis by Sir Joseph Lister.

The Nightingale Training School for Nurses was opened at St. Thomas's Hospital on June 24th, 1860, under the administration of the Nightingale Fund, which amounted to £44,000, raised in the British Empire, as a tribute to the Crimean heroine in 1855. Miss Nightingale planned every detail in its organization, and assisted the first matron, Mrs. Wardroper, in the discharge of her activities. She herself interviewed and accepted candidates and others, and afterwards preserved the closest touch with the pupil nurses and graduates. The influence of the School spread rapidly, and the Nightingale nurses both in Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States, made their way, as superintendents. The Blockley Hospital in Philadelphia, and the Montreal General Hospital here, were two of those that owned a Nightingale superintendent. In Germany, Sweden, France, and Austria, too, the lead was followed, and nurses were trained along the same lines. Thus the seed that was carried by Pastor Fliedner from Elizabeth Fry in London to Kaiserswerth in Germany, was transplanted by Florence Nightingale again on English soil, and grew into a mighty tree.

It has been well said that Miss Nightingale did not originate the idea of trained nursing of the sick, for there were Sisterhoods and great nurses before her time. What she did do was to place the art of nursing on the plane of

a profession, and to transfer it, as the books of the British census show, from the category "Domestic," in which it stood before her time, to that of "Medicine." Both by precept and example she taught and tried to instil into her nurses the principles and the code of honour that raise an occupation into a profession. She aroused a great enthusiasm among the women of her time, many of whom grasped her meaning and worked with her to attain this end. She took it out, too, of the place in which it had been put before her time by the religious orders, who regarded their nursing only as a means of self-abnegation and humiliation. She believed, no one more strongly, that the true nurse must have a sense of vocation, and that without it she should not enter the profession, and with her "nursing was a Sacred Calling, only to be followed to good purpose, by those who pursued it as the service of God, through the highest kind of service to men." But she recognized also that the skilled services of the trained nurse should form an honourable means of livelihood, and insisted on the public recognition of this fact. Miss Nightingale never thought or cared about what has been called Women's Rights, but she was essentially a pioneer in the interests of her sex. By the high estimate and value she placed upon the skilled services of women in a capacity in which only they can serve, she raised the public sense of the value of those services all along the line, and there is probably no other woman to whom modern women owe so much. Her words on the subject of the modern feminist movement, which was just beginning in her day, and which close her last volume, *Notes on Nursing*, are an epitome of wisdom and strike directly home. "I would earnestly ask my sisters to keep clear of both the jargons now current everywhere (for they are equally jargons): of the jargon, namely, about the "rights" of women, which urges women to do all that men do, merely because men do it, and without regard to whether this is the best that women can do; and of the jargon which urges women to do nothing that men do, merely because they are women. Surely woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God's world, without attending to either of these cries. It does not make a thing good that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it. Neither does it make a thing bad, when

would have been good had a man done it, that it has been done by a woman.

"Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way, straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart."

The *Notes on Nursing* was published in 1860. It is the best known of her writings, and in the purity of its English, the vigor and simplicity of its style, and the fundamental soundness of its teachings, is in the highest sense a classic. It is a book which anyone may read with delight and information to-day, and should be republished in popular form. Florence Nightingale possessed the literary faculty in a very high degree, and was a voluminous writer, but she held this, as she did her social accomplishments, very lightly, to be used only as a means to an end, and to be considered rather as a "temptation" to be avoided, that might lead her away from the purpose to which she had consecrated herself, and never as an end in itself. This is the reason, that, although her contributions to the literature of her time are as important and probably as numerous as those of her illustrious contemporaries, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, and Harriet Martineau, they are not recognized as such, for they are largely on technical subjects and many of them are hidden in the Blue Books of the day. The 19th century has been called pre-eminently the century of great women, and it is from the literary and philosophic, as well as the philanthropic sides that Florence Nightingale possesses an eminent place within the circle.

V. *Florence Nightingale in later life.* (1861-1910).

Sidney Herbert died in 1861, when Florence Nightingale was forty-one years of age. She lived nearly fifty years longer, and for thirty-five of these retained the full use of all her faculties and the same phenomenal capacity for accomplishing heavy tasks in numerous fields simultaneously, each of which was, in itself, sufficient for the full powers of a single individual. His death threw her into a state of extreme despondency, for she had lost not only a dear personal friend, but the ally on whom her sanitary reforms depended. From the seclusion of a deep retirement she published a short *Life of Lord Herbert*, in which she ascribes every part of their reforms entirely to his work. Had he been writing the book he would have made the same statement in relation to

herself, and in a sense both statements would have been true, so completely interdependent was their action. In ascribing the credit for all the achievements of the Crimean climax and those resulting from it, the names of Sidney Herbert and Florence Nightingale must always hold an equal place. The British public recognized this fact in the erection, in the winter of 1914, of the dual statues to them, which stand one on either side of the Crimean Monument in London to-day.

Space does not permit of even the complete enumeration of all the numerous reforms enacted in this later period of her life after Lord Herbert's death. Probably the most comprehensive, and certainly that in which an immense portion of her time and energy was expended, to the very end of her active life, was the improved sanitation of India, a problem arising out of the work of the Crimean commissions, and in which she was intimately associated with Sir John Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Roberts, and other leading East Indians. She stood for advanced methods, brought to the evidence irrefutable masses of statistical facts, and fought desperately, among other things, for universal irrigation. She was known at the time in high quarters as the *Providence* of India. *The Indian Sanitary Commission Report*, a huge volume consisting of 2,028 pages of small print, contained evidence of her work on almost every page.

In the work of the War Office again she maintained after Lord Herbert's death, a very intimate relationship, which in time came to assume the relation of an advisory Council. This was because in many questions she had come to be considered the first expert of her time, and also because, in Sir Edward Cook's phrase, she was rightly regarded as the official legatee of Lord Sidney Herbert and one who knew as no one else could the spirit of the uncompleted reforms he had projected, and the traditions which had inspired one who held a very high place in the public trust. She was concerned in this way, not only in questions of Army sanitation in time of peace, but in all the problems that arose in the care of the sick and wounded in the various wars that broke out during this long period, and her connection with the organization of the Red Cross Society and the various associations formed for the care of the sick and wounded, runs like a silver thread through the story of this latter part of her life.

The International Red Cross Society originated after the battle of Solferino in 1859 on the suggestion of a Swiss Physician, Henri Dunant, but the inspiration of the movement and the drafting of instructions to the British delegates for the famous Geneva Convention of 1864 proceeded from Miss Nightingale. In 1872, M. Dunant, in a paper read in London, said, "Though I am known as the founder of the Red Cross and the originator of the Convention of Geneva, it is to an Englishwoman that all the honour of that Convention is due. What inspired me to go to Italy during the War of 1859 was the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea." In the war of 1866, between Austria, Prussia and Italy, and again in that of 1870 to 1871 between Germany and France, she was plunged into ceaseless activity, and rendered assistance impartially to both sides, so that, in 1867, a gold medal was awarded to her by the Red Cross Societies in Paris; in 1870, the Austrian Patriotic Society for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers elected her a member; in 1871, the French *Societe des Secours aux Blesses* conferred its bronze cross upon her, and in September of that year she was decorated by the German Emperor with the Prussian Cross of Merit. Again, during Lord Wolseley's Egyptian campaign of 1882, she was active in organizing the female nurses requested, and assisted in the reorganization of the Army Hospital Service. In 1883 she received the decoration of the Royal Red Cross from the Queen's hand.

It is thus seen that among the many honours and tributes that were showered upon her in the closing years of her life none were more in keeping with the spirit of than that expressed at the Eighth International Conference of Red Cross Societies in London, in June, 1907, to which Queen Alexandra sent a message referring to the pioneer of the First Red Cross Movement, Miss Florence Nightingale, whose heroic efforts on behalf of suffering humanity will be recognized and admired by all ages as long as the world shall last. The resolution read: "The great and incomparable name of Miss Florence Nightingale, whose merits in the field of humanity are never to be forgotten, and who raised the care of the sick to the position of a charitable art, imposes on the Eighth International Conference of Red Cross Societies the noble duty of rendering homage to her merits by expressing warmly its high veneration."

Another large sphere of activity which arose since the time and outside of the department of Sidney Herbert, was that of Work House Reform, a movement which grew directly out of the work of the Nightingale Training School. In the year 1864, no legislation provided for the care of the sick poor in England, and an absolute lack of attendance combined with a degraded class of patients to make the conditions the worst possible. From a noted philanthropist came the suggestion, that at the Liverpool Work House Infirmary, one of the most difficult institutions of all, the experiment should be tried of placing twelve Nightingale nurses in control with a Superintendent chosen from among them. The story of Miss Alice Jones, a gentle girl of high religious views, a graduate of Kaiserwerth, and later of the St. Thomas's School, who struggled and won victory among vicious patients and a difficult management, and who gave up her life in doing so, is one of the romances of the history of nursing. It is told by Miss Nightingale under the title "*Una and the Lion*" in "Good Words." The success won here led the way for the Metropolitan Poor Act of 1867, which was a starting point of Medical Relief to the poor in England and is to be traced to the efforts of many earnest men and women, and chief among them to Miss Nightingale.

The Nightingale Training School was always under Miss Nightingale's supervision, but after the year 1872, when she retired, more or less, from more active association with other forms of work, and when it was removed to the present new St. Thomas's building, she identified herself still more closely with it, and it sheds other light upon her extraordinarily many-sided character. Here again, as in her youth, we see her from the domestic side. She is in close contact with her nurses, knowing each one personally, criticising and loving, chiding and helping, always on the highest plane of principle, and with a depth of personal feeling and sympathy that brought her into the closest range of influence with those whom she was trying to inspire. Every year she formulated her teaching in a hospital sermon, which took the form of a letter, publicly read to the nurses. In these days her home at South Street was always open to her pupils whom she met here in a sense on equal terms, and all loved her dearly. Just as she in her beautiful girlhood

had sat at the feet of Elizabeth Fry, and had drunk to her soul's fulfilment of the springs of that ripened humanitarianism, so, in her own latter days, these daughters of her heart's best wisdom gathered about her to learn from her own lips what it was she would have them to do. As the years closed in about her, her nurses stood to her in the relation of "affectionate children" or, "dear sisters," who had gone out into the world to carry her gospel of what the art of nursing meant to many distant lands.

In the fulness of time, after a life so crowded with productive labour, philosophic thought, and literary activity, so rich in sympathies and affections, and so transfigured by a deep religious faith that one can scarcely imagine its equal, death came to her, three years after the Freedom of the City of London and the King's Order of Merit had been conferred upon her. To the end she counted herself an unprofitable servant, and realized only the high values of those things which she had struggled to attain.

In conclusion, in these present days, in which the news of the noble deeds of our gallant Canadian troops in action comes to us as a daily occurrence, what I have called the biographical motive has a new and living force. I have the privilege of showing you now upon the screen the figures, so familiar to you all, of the three Medical Officers, Capt. Scrimger, V.C. (applause), Lt.-Col. Keenan (applause), Lt.-Col. John McCrae (applause), whom the Royal Victoria Hospital has the honour of acknowledging upon her staff, who shared in the heroic action at Ypres and Langemarck, and won distinction by their gallant deeds.

Dr. McCrae's perfect little poem, which has been read to you so beautifully by Mr. Angus, is a trumpet call to action. May I leave with you as a parting inspiration, this poem, and also the story, culled from the Official Report and recent accounts in the British War Weekly, and other reliable sources, of the conduct which brought to Capt. Scrimger the high honour of the Victoria Cross.

"On April 25th, the last afternoon of the battle of St. Julien, the 3rd Brigade Staff was sheltering in a farm building, part of which had, for five days, been used by the medical officers as a dressing station. There had been

heavy casualties, and a good deal of shelling all the time. The firing grew heavier, and at last the medical officers felt they must remove all the wounded they could to a place of greater safety. Only Capt. Scrimger, medical officer of the 14th, was left, whose battalion was occupying a line of trenches close by, so that he could not leave them. Cases were constantly coming in, and when the big bombardment began, there were about twenty under his care, who were unable to walk. These he collected in what seemed the safest part. One of the staff, Capt. MacDonald, was hit by the second shell.

"In a little while the farm buildings were set on fire. Finally, General Turner decided it had become too hot and ordered his staff to scatter. He feared that one direct hit would get them all, and considered it better to disperse, in the expectation that some at least would get away.

"Capt. Scrimger directed the removal of the wounded, getting all out before the flames reached them. Then to Capt. MacDonald he gave his choice. The wounded officer asked to take his chance in the open. With the help of Lieut. Thompson, Capt. Scrimger succeeded in carrying him about thirty to forty feet, as far as a ditch or moat, with a soft mud bank about three feet above the water which filled the lower part. There they lay during the next terrible half hour, in momentary danger of being buried by the sliding earth, waiting for a slackening of the fire. With his own body Capt. Scrimger shielded his helpless charge from flying splinters, and held back the weight of the bank which soon pressed heavily upon them. A rough calculation had seemed to show that it would take a direct hit to get them, and that the angle of descent would make it difficult to reach their refuge. Events proved its accuracy. Five eight-inch shells hit within fifteen feet, three of them in front, one in the water, and one in the opposite bank not more than ten feet away. The two crouching officers were half buried in mud, but not a splinter touched them.

"To make the position worse, the flames in the burning building had reached two hundred thousand rounds of rifle ammunition which had been stored there, and the resulting explosions brought the danger and the uproar to a climax."

The official account states, in addition, "that through-

out the three days of the fighting, he displayed continuously, day and night, the greatest devotion to duty."

There are undoubtedly many others of our medical men who have done, unnoticed, deeds of equal service in the great extremity to which they are called at the present time, but Captain Scrimger's action stands out as an example of the real meaning of the heroism by which the Victoria Cross is won. A son of the Scottish manse, he has been true to the tradition of his fathers, and has shown those qualities of quiet devotion to duty, cool presence of mind, physical endurance, and forgetfulness of self, which together constitute the high virtue of manliness, and which are the legitimate outcome of the daily task well done.

In Flanders Fields.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
  Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place. And in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead; short days ago
  We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now, we lie
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
  To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
    In Flanders fields.

John McCrae.